

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER ABOUT THE THEATRE



Marion Davies "Hedford Follies"
New Amsterdam

Ann Murdock
"Please Help
Emily"
Lyceum



Joseph Santley and
Kathleen Clifford
"A Pair Of Queens" Longacre



Naomi Gilbert
"The Silent
Witness"
Fulton



Marjorie Rambeau "Cheating Cheaters"
Eltinge

SHADOWS ON THE MOVIE SCREENS

THE world's only Lou-Tellegen, husband of Geraldine Farrar and quite a person in his own right, will be the star of this week's offering at the Strand. "The Victory of Conscience" is the title of the film, and it is said to enable the gifted Tellegen to appear in his most romantic mood and habiliments.

At the Rialto Theatre Beatie Barri-cale will be seen in "Plain Jane," a modern version of the ugly duckling. Prominent in her support will be Charles Ray. A feature of the musical programme will be the first American appearance of Vincente Ballester, a Spanish barytone of reputation in Madrid and points adjacent.

The Broadway Theatre goes over to the enemy this week. It will offer as its leading man the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa, in "The Honorable Friend." He will be seen as a gardener employed by a curio collector.

June Caprice, William Fox's latest and most fascinating discovery, will be the star at the Academy of Music for the first four days of the week in "Little Miss Happiness." Harry Hilliard will have the leading male role.

George Arliss is scheduled to move into the Criterion Theatre on or about September 11, an arrangement which leaves two more weeks for Mr. Ince's "Civilization." The picture is now on exhibition in so many other places, however, that its absence from Broadway will not cause Mr. Ince any financial embarrassment.

Julian L'Estrange will be seen in support of Maurice and Florence Walton in their first picture, now in process of construction. It is entitled "The Quest of Life."

Herbert Brenon is trying to take the hammer and saw out of motion pictures. Any one who has been in a studio knows that they are inherent parts of the films; the carpenters are always working on the next set while the actors are working in the finished one. In most cases a bell is rung when a scene is about to be taken, and the workmen stop so that the actors can hear the director's instructions. Then the bell is rung again and they proceed.

So Mr. Brenon has put up a notice on the walls of his studio—a notice which stamps him as one having the soul of an artist, at least. It reads: "This studio means as much to the artist as the church does to the devout worshipper; therefore, you will kindly observe the silence and respect due the artists and their work."

"When Lowell wrote 'The Vision of Sir Launfal,'" says Mr. Brenon, "he shut himself up in his study and did not reappear until his work was finished. Imagine a poet endeavoring to write beautiful lines in the midst of a babel of sounds! I believe that one reason the photo-drama has been slow in evolving a high type of acting of its own is that too little attention has been paid to the sensitiveness of the players. I would no more think of asking a star like Mme. Nazimova to play the tense scenes of 'War Brides' to the accompaniment of hammer and saw than I would think of trying to read a delicate lyric of Arthur Symonds to a friend while riding in the subway."

Just fancy! Mr. Brenon is wrong, however, in declaring that the studio means as much to the artist as the church to the worshipper. It means a lot more, or there is nothing at all in these big salary stories going around.

Marie Dressler has been incorporated for picture purposes. There ought to be a lot of shares.

Alice Brady's next one is entitled "A Woman Alone."

Every once in a while they discover another one. The Mary Pickfords and the Blanche Sweets have been so profitable to their employers that the search for film stars is never abated. William Fox is trying hard to establish young June Caprice as a great picture actress, and it is not unlikely that he will succeed. And now Frank Powell has a young woman named Veta Searl, who, it is said, has personality plus. And it was Mr. Powell, remember, who discovered Theda Bara and Miss Sweet. Miss Searl will have a part in the first Powell production, in which Creighton Hale, Linda Griffith and others will also be seen.

Undoubtedly a very pleasing picture could be got by employing a cast composed of Arline Pretty, Louise Lovely, Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love.

The Dustin Farnum release now on

would like something different from ordinary scenic views, and I suggested to him that the next day he photograph a simple little story which I had in mind. Cut back, close up and all of the present devices of photo dramatic art were unthought of, and as the cinematograph would only hold 200 feet of film, the story had to be told at that length, so the next day, with a couple of young people, we went into a garden and acted out and photographed the story. I have the print now in Paris, but I never show it."

Ethel Barrymore is being filmed in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," Margaret Deland's novel. In its dramatic form Margaret Anglin was seen as Helen. Metro is making the picture.

Olga Petrova has turned author. She will be seen next in a film of her own manufacture.

For her first appearance in pictures

fact that it was the feature programme that enabled the screen to attract the stars of the legitimate. It also drew the managers—Frohman, Brady, Belasco and others who had held aloof at first. The Famous Players Company begin it by instituting a programme of thirty-six five-reel pictures a year. With this policy in effect, it became possible for a manager to book a continuous run of features for his house.

Vincent Serrano has been engaged by Thanhouser, and will be starred in a five-reeler, "A Modern Monte Cristo."

Coming along pretty soon will be "The Whip," done into motion pictures at great expense and in ten reels. The World folk will make it, and Maurice Tournier will direct it at the Paragon studio, with, of course, the hand of William A. Brady hovering over him and ready to descend. Even Mr. Brady admits that "The Whip" is melodrama, but he says that's what they want.

"Bought and Paid For," Broadway's play, is being put into pictures.

Low Fields's latest picture is "The Man Who Stood Still," Louis Mann's old play. It marks the first time that Mr. Fields has played a dramatic role, either on the stage, or in films. Of course, Mr. Mann might have acted the play in pictures, but there were reasons why he didn't. Any one wanting to know what Mr. Mann thinks of pictures can find out by asking him.

"The Heart of a Hero," based on the Clyde Fitch play, "Nathan Hale," is about to be released. The hero is Robert Warwick, who has done lots of heroing in his life. The announcement has it that Mr. Warwick plays the title part, which is the heart, but this is probably incorrect. At all events, Gail Kane is to be seen in the leading woman's role.

"Should She Have Told?" is the name of a forthcoming World film, and it sounds interesting.

Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley are to co-star in Petrova's play, "The Revolt."

House Peters and Gail Kane will soon be seen in "The Velvet Paw," a political tale which touches on the child labor problem.

Important things continue to happen in the world of films. Now word comes from Los Angeles that J. Warren Kerrigan is building himself a home.

In his next picture Charles Ray will appear on the screen as an Englishman, a new role for him (You remember Ray, of course? Supported Keenan right along, and all that).

Loew's American Theatre. Among the entertainers at Loew's American Theatre and Roof during the first half of the week will be John O'Malley, Irish tenor; Juliet Wood, Five Lyceum Girls, "Fired from Yale," a comedy sketch; the Reynolds, Forest City Trio, Harry Hewitt and company and Elbert Hubbard and company. Beginning Thursday the bill will include Frank Terry, in "Mr. Booz"; Tom Davies and company, Warner and Corbett, Delmore and Moore, Kubanoff, violinist, and Sylvia.

Bronx Opera House. The Bronx Opera House will begin another season next Saturday night. The attraction will be "Common Clay," with Jane Cowl in the leading role. "Common Clay" will continue at the house during the week of the 4th.

THE DESIGNING MR. JONES

ROBERT EDMOND JONES, who designed the scenery for "The Happy Ending," learned a large part of his art technique before he ever thought of the theatre. When the "new stagecraft" had its first glimmering in this country, with the performance of Reinhardt's "Sumurun," Jones was a minor instructor in the art department of Harvard University. What Harvard gave him had little to do with the theatre. The college saw drama in terms of propaganda, thesis and realism—in terms, that is, of Shaw, Galassworthy, Hauptmann, Granville, Barker and Tolstoy. That is the side of the theatre which generally aggravates the artist; it left Mr. Jones at least bored. What Harvard gave him was a collection of fascinating lore about color scales, balance and rhythm, and the like.

Those who knew him at the time report that his artistic spirit did not thrive under such learning. It has even been hinted that the art department did not consider him as seriously as one should be considered when one is on the teaching staff of the oldest American university. Instead of balance and rhythm and color scales he talked about "smashing effects" and "blazes of color." The birds on the elms predicted that he wouldn't last long in the university teaching staff.

And he didn't. Having got the thrill of the theatre by designing (and even, when necessary, sewing) costumes for one of the productions of the Harvard Dramatic Club, he made a stab the next season at some costumes for a New York musical show. In his soul he had the new manner of stage decoration. But Broadway knew nothing about the new method at the time, and he could do his stage designs only for the few friends who liked them.

His drawings, however, happened to be seen by a distinguished German artist, travelling in this country, who was connected with Reinhardt's Theatre in Berlin. He urged Mr. Jones to go abroad and hang around the Deutsches (if he couldn't get behind the scenes) until he got the hang of the new manner. This, at the earliest opportunity, Jones did. On the strength of his drawings, helped by letters of introduction, he secured unusual privileges in the most famous of the modern theatres, noted as a palace of mysteries which the uninitiated may never penetrate. With behind-the-scenes privileges and full entrée to the valuable Deutsches library of drawings and costume plates, he worked hard at his own imaginings. He even helped a bit with the actual conduct of the Deutsches productions. When the war broke out he was on the point of having his designs executed for the Budapest production of the "Yellow Jacket."

But the war broke out. And Mr. Jones came home from the country where the theatre was moving feverishly to the land where the theatre had no place for art. He had been in America only a few weeks, however, when the Stage Society, inspired patron of the new and the beautiful, engaged him to do the settings and costumes for its projected production of Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife."

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puts the theatre first in all he does. Art must always be present, but it must not use the theatre to exploit it. No matter how beautiful a stage setting may be, in Mr. Jones's opinion it must be theatrical or it is worthless. It was shortly after this that Arthur Hopkins, realizing that stage methods were bound to change in America as well as in Europe, engaged Mr. Jones as his artist in ordinary. The first of the productions to come to the stage with his scenery was "The Devil's Garden." The scenery for this piece was entirely realistic in method; the only trace of the new stagecraft was in the greater simplicity and appropriateness of the settings. In the spring Mr. Jones designed the inner scenes for the Shakespeare Masque, "Caliban," and when it was seen that Mrs. John W. Alexander's health would not permit her to execute the costumes, he took over almost the whole contract. Within six weeks he made nearly seven hundred separate designs, and personally superintended the execution of each. On the night of the first performance of "The Happy Ending" it was announced that Waslav Nijinsky had selected Mr. Jones to design scenery and costumes for two new ballets to be produced this fall by the Ballet Russe. This is the first time a non-Russian artist has ever been engaged for such a task by this famous organization.

Brooklyn Burlesque. Pat White and his Gaiety Girls will be this week's attraction at the Star Theatre, Brooklyn.

AROUND AND ABOUT

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

THE men who know the most about existing theatrical conditions in New York are neither managers nor actors. They are the ticket agents—the talented gentlemen who lean across a hotel counter at 8 o'clock in the evening and sell you a couple in the eighth row for \$2.50 apiece. They are worth \$2.50, for the agents have the best seats for the best shows.

No one knows better which shows are good and which bad. It is not unusual, in fact, for half a dozen or more agents to be in the audience on the first night, and information concerning the merits of the attraction quickly spreads. The agents seldom err. The show in which they stock up generally runs many months, and they can spot a failure the length of Broadway. The day after the opening of one of the recent plays the agents bought the house for eight weeks ahead. When that happens the manager quits worrying.

Inside theatrical information of all sorts reaches the agent before it is known by any one else on the Rialto. To say that the agent is wiser than the manager is putting it mildly—he is so wise that he isn't a manager.

Frederick C. Schang, who occasionally writes interviews and things for these pages, has been hired to go ahead of the Serge de Diaghileff ballet. Mr. Schang will start on his trip just as soon as he learns how to spell Serge de Diaghileff.

Poor Marjorie Rambeau! Miss Rambeau spent many years building up a reputation as an emotional actress, out in the Pacific region, only to come East and be accepted as a comedienne. Back stage at "Cheating Cheaters" she dropped a tear or two in celebration thereof.

"I love to emote all over the stage," she said. "In fact, I never played a comedy part in my life until I went into 'Sadie Love.' When we put on a comedy in stock I used to take a week's vacation or else play the heavy woman's role. And then to come here and be hailed as a comedienne! But they're not going to keep me at comedy. Next season at the latest I am going to play a real dramatic role on Broadway."

The play in which Miss Rambeau will play the dramatic role is "Her Market Value," a piece written by her husband, Willard Mack. The part, according to Miss Rambeau, calls for more tears than there are in Great Salt Lake.

bearded ancients in "Ben-Hur." Now, however, he is noted among managers for his portrayal of the grouch type, and he never expects to be offered anything else.

Even the actors are beginning to pray for peace—and not solely because of the invasion of English talent, as you might imagine. The reason is that the best grease paint is made in Germany—Lechner's, if they must have the ad. Frank Monroe is authority for the statement that the American grease paint should be the object of strict legislation.

James K. Hackett, who seems to have faded from the public eye, has not given up his plans to play "Othello" here this season. He is at present at Zenda, his place on the St. Lawrence, wearing an iron contraption on his leg and storing up strength for Shakespeare.

Blanche Ring bubbles off as on—that is, she bubbles on the same as she bubbles off—rather, she bubbles off the same as she—anyhow, you understand how it is. She is never still, whether on the stage or in her dressing room or at her home. She is a tennis and golf enthusiast, and so is Charles Winninger, her husband. You know Winninger if you saw "The Cohan Revue." Mr. and Mrs. Winninger are to be separated this season, and thereafter they are grieving mightily.

"This year it will have to be," Miss Ring said, "but never again. Mr. Cohan, as a matter of fact, offered the revue engagement to the two of us, but simultaneously Jane O'Day came along. Mr. Winninger can play anything, but there really is nothing in this play that would give him a proper chance. After this season, however, we shall be hired together or not at all."

Inquiry concerning the whereabouts of Miss Ring's home brought forth an invitation.

"You must come down to Mamaronck some day and have lunch with us," she rippled, "and then have a game of tennis."

"All right. How about along in the spring, just before 'Broadway and Buttermilk' leaves New York?" Miss Ring hesitated just a second. "You'd better come for Thanksgiving dinner. Goodbye!"

Now that "Coat-Tales" is out of the way, Tom Wise is again devoting himself to Falstaff. Rehearsals of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will soon be under way, and the piece will reopen on October 14—probably in New York. After a few months on the road Wise will slip into the P. T. Barnum play, which ought to be named "One Every Minute," but isn't.

Another Midnight Frolic.

Everything comes to an end, so the third edition of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic will run only two more weeks. Then there will be a new entertainment on the now celebrated New Amsterdam Roof. John Henry Mears, who runs things up there, insists stolidly that he does not know who or what will be in the new show.